

KATRINA AND JAN

ALICE COOPER BAILEY



ILLUSTRATED BY
HERMAN ROSSE

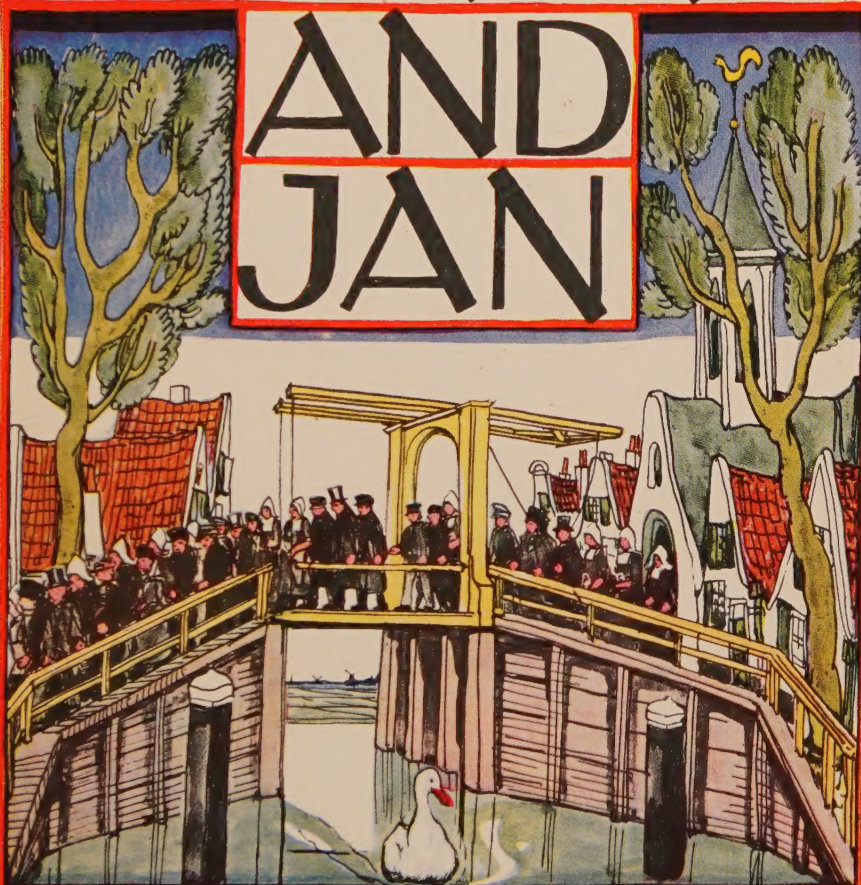




Katrina and Jan



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ALICE · COOPER · BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED · BY · HERMAN · ROSSE
PUBLISHED · BY

P · F · VOLLAND · COMPANY

NEW · YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

Stephen Myer



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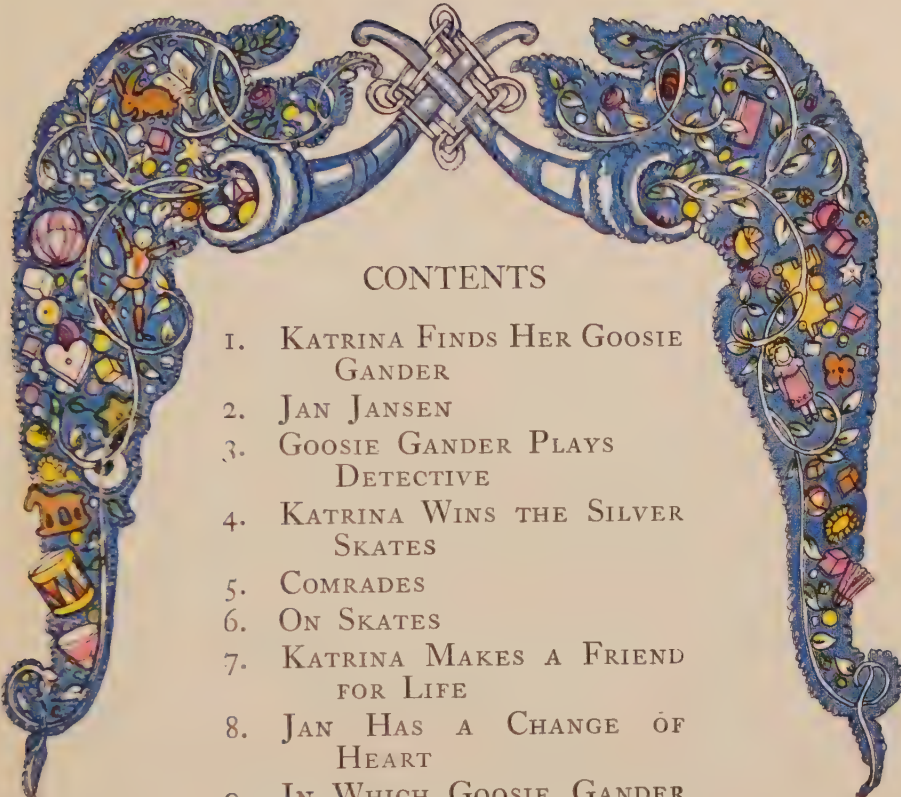
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Printed in U. S. A.

Tenth Edition

TO MY OWN
MARY ALICE BAILEY
AND
GEORGE WILLIAM BAILEY, JR.





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KATRINA FINDS HER GOOSIE GANDER

IT was Springtime in Holland, and the air was filled with the scent of the first wild-flowers and the sweet green grass.

Sitting on the doorstep of one of the pretty red-roofed houses, set close to the dike, in the quaint little fishing village of Volendam, was a yellow-haired, blue-eyed Dutch lass. Her name was Katrina Rijs. On her lap she held a fat, round Dutch cheese which she was busily polishing.

Standing motionless on one leg and watching her intently from the top of a high pole, apparently placed there especially for his use, was a stork. He, too, had just arrived with the Spring, and Katrina was delighted, for in Holland the family whose housetop was chosen by the stork for a nesting-place was indeed considered in great luck.

Since early dawn Katrina had been hard at work. She had helped her mother with the weekly baking of black bread. She had scrubbed and scoured the pots and pans, as only a Dutch girl knows how to do, and then when there was nothing left to polish, she had patted into shape the precious mounds of home-made cheese, and now she was polishing them with oil that they, too, might glisten.

Katrina and Jan

Vrouw Rijs eyed her daughter as she sat there on the doorstep.

"There's not another like her for miles around," she said proudly to herself.

Then for a time all was silent save for the drowsy whir of Vrouw Rijs' spinning-wheel, and the distant creaking and groaning of the windmills as their arms turned with the breeze.

Then suddenly Katrina was aroused from her day-dreaming by the sharp tap-tap of wooden shoes on the cobblestones. She looked up from her work to see Jan Jansen and his father passing by, bound in the direction of the village.

Jan, though only fourteen years old, reached to his father's shoulders, but there the difference between the two ended. They both wore incredibly wide trousers, and comical short-waisted red jackets, with two rows of silver buttons down the front. They walked, or rather shuffled along in their wooden *klompen*,* with their hands deep in their trousers' pockets, both puffing serenely on long cigars.

When they had gone a little way beyond the cottage door Jan looked back and made a face at Katrina. Had his father seen him he would have boxed the boy's ears soundly, but fortunately for Jan his father was deep in his own thoughts.

Katrina only laughed a little rippling laugh and went on with her work.

"Did you know, mother," she said, rising to store the finished cheese in her market basket, "that the great artist, Mynheer de Groot, who is staying at Pieter's father's hotel, has offered a pair of silver skates as a prize for the boy or girl who grows the most beautiful tulips in Volendam this Spring?"

"Aha, little bright eyes, and you want the silver skates? Yes? Then we will grow the most beautiful tulips this Spring," answered Vrouw Rijs cheerfully.

**klompen*—wooden shoes.

Katrina and Jan

"Oh, mother, mother!" was all that Katrina said in reply, but Vrouw Rijs knew how much that meant, for her daughter loved to skate, and the only pair of skates she had were some poor wooden ones with curly iron runners.



For months Katrina had laid aside all her savings in the hope that some day she might buy herself a pair of good skates. Then she could take part in the great Winter Carnival that was held every year near Amsterdam. Oh, she saw herself now, skimming like a bird over the ice, gliding here and there, swaying gently to the rhythm of gay music.

"The bulbs should soon be sprouting," said Katrina's mother, interrupting her dreams, "and then how we shall care for them! It is good that dear Uncle Adriaan sent us his prize bulbs this year."

"Yes, mother, that is why I thought that perhaps I might win the silver skates," answered Katrina, her cheeks aglow at the thought of the possible prize.

"Dear, dear, we talk of tulips and skates and forget our work," laughed Vrouw Rijs. "You must go now to market."

Quickly Katrina removed her slippers, and put on her heavy *klompen*, which had been standing on the doorstep. Then catching up her basket of cheese she balanced it deftly on her head.

From the top of the dike, along which Katrina walked to market, she could look far out across the meadows to the windmills which seemed to be beckoning to her to come and play with them. Their sails were set to the wind, and there was a great creaking, as their whirling arms turned the wood-saw, or the grinder.

Katrina and Jan

They were never still, Katrina thought. They scarcely stopped moving long enough to catch their breath. It was always work, work, work, for in Holland the windmills were the jacks-of-all trades. They sawed wood, they ground wheat, they cut tobacco and made paper, and they pumped the water from the lowlands into the canals. Indeed, they performed all the tasks that in other countries were done by steam and water-power.

Although it was still early in the morning when Katrina started on her way to market, the village of Volendam had long been a-stir. The fishermen had hoisted their sails on their queer, blunt-bowed *tjalks** for it was Monday, and they must return to the North Sea. In the fields the men and women were busily cutting peat and placing it in the sun to dry. On the beach a number of men were working with hand-nets in which, as the big waves rolled in, they gathered quantities of shells, which later were made into lime. A *trekschuit*,† drawn by a horse and guided by a man in wide blue trousers and a tight-fitting red jacket, moved slowly along the canal, while a milk-maid, with utensils burnished like silver and gold hanging from a yoke across her shoulders, hurried from house to house. The good wives and daughters of Volendam, who were not already on their way to market, were busy with brush and bucket. They were scouring and scrubbing windows, doorsteps, the walls of the houses, the bricks of the sidewalks, and even the cobbles of the streets.

As Katrina clattered on her way the merry carillons sent their silvery tunes rippling over the peaked roofs and gables of the village.

How like a gay little butterfly she was! Her waist was very tight, and her skirts were very long and very full. On

**tjalks*—fishing boats.

†*trekschuit*—canal boat.



Katrina and Jan

her head she wore a stiffly starched lace cap, with flaps on either side, which turned back from her face and stood out like white wings. Around her neck she wore a beautiful necklace of pink coral, an heirloom from her grandmother, of which she was very proud. On her feet were her clumsy *klompen*.

To the staccato accompaniment of these wooden shoes clattering over the cobbles, she sang a song to the budding trees that grew by the way, to the black-and-white cows quietly grazing in the green meadows, to the windmills with their whirling arms, and to the blue sky overhead, for she was bubbling over with happiness. She sang so sweetly that the people on the road looked up at her and said, "There goes Katrina of the glad heart."

She sang until she neared the market-place, when she stopped abruptly. A snow-white gander, wandering aimlessly back and forth across the road, had attracted Katrina by his cry of "Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" There was something so forlorn in the sound of his cry that Katrina stopped beside him.

"What's the matter, Goosie Gander?" she asked. "You took the glad song right out of my heart."

Goosie Gander stopped short in his wanderings, and looked up at Katrina.

"Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" he wailed. "Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!"

"It sounds very sad, Goosie Gander, but you must cheer up, for the sun is shining and the flowers are blooming. Won't you walk along to market with me?"

But Goosie Gander, planting himself in front of Katrina, looked up at her imploringly. "Honk, ho-o-nk!" he said again.

"Oh, you funny Goosie Gander. Is it something to eat you are asking for? No? Well, I'm very stupid, but I don't understand you."

Just then a tow-headed, blue-eyed Dutch boy, with his hands in the pockets of his baggy red trousers, came strolling



Katrina and Jan

along the road. Goosie Gander immediately forsook Katrina and rushed over to the boy. Again he cried, "Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk," and this time he pecked at the boy's trousers.

"Jan, what does he want?" asked Katrina.

"He's crazy," said Jan. "His goose was killed near here the other day, and he goes back and forth trying to find her." As Jan said this, he struck at Goosie Gander with his wooden shoe.

"Let go, you crazy gander!"

"Jan, Jan, for shame! Poor old Goosie Gander, you've lost your wife, and you wanted me to find her." Katrina was down on her knees in a moment, with her arms about the gander's neck. "Poor old Goosie Gander," she whispered.

"Silly!" Jan mocked. "Silly!" and away down the road he went, his silver buttons flashing angrily in the sunshine. When he was out of hearing Katrina said, "Wait for me here, Goosie Gander, and when I come back from market I'll take you home with me."

At the market-place, Katrina met Mayke Dort and Antje Flinck, two of the village children whose fathers, like Katrina's, were fishermen. After they had sold all their cheese the three children stopped for a moment near the weigh-house for a chat.

"Come with me, Mayke and Antje," said Katrina. "I have found a great snow-white gander, and I want you to see him. I am going to take him home."

"Why do you do that? He will make a very stupid pet," laughed Antje.

"But I can not leave him," said Katrina. "When he cried at me as if he were begging me to take him home."

"I would like to see your Goosie Gander," said the good-natured Mayke, "but mother needs me today, and I must hurry along now."

"Did you see Jan this morning?" asked Antje of Katrina, as the three clattered along through the village streets.



Katrina and Jan

"Yes, he laughed at me, because I was sorry for Goosie Gander. He called me silly, and struck at the gander with his *klomp*."

"Jan is a bad boy," said Antje. "I don't like him."

"Poor Jan," sighed Katrina. "Mother says it is perhaps because his father has a wicked tongue and is not kind to him."

"It was only the other day," continued Antje, "that I saw him push Jannetje into the *greppel*,* when she was trying to jump across it. She was wet to her knees, and the water was cold."

"No, Jan is not a good boy," admitted Katrina, "but I am sorry for him."

"Goodbye Mayke! Goodbye Katrina! Goodbye Antje!" And the three children had separated, one to the north, one to the south and one to the west.

And so it was, when Katrina's mother looked out of the window a little later, she saw her daughter coming along the road followed by a great white gander.

"Oh, mother!" called Katrina. "See what I have brought home." Then she told her mother what Jan had told her about the gander.

"It is a tender heart you have, Katrina," laughed her mother. "First it was a stray goat, then a cat, and now it is a gander. But there is always room for one more in this little cottage," she added, as she replenished the fire with a block of peat, and went to find a dish of corn for the gander.

As soon as Goosie Gander had satisfied his hunger, he began again to wander aimlessly about. He sniffed all about a pile of peat, investigated the cheese-press, and waddled right under Katrina's funny little bed, which looked for all the world like a china closet built into the wall. Soon he re-appeared, only to continue his search of the room.

**greppel*—canal.

Katrina and Jan

It was a pretty room, and it was spotless, for there was never a week went by without the usual Dutch housecleaning. The windows were hung with fresh muslin curtains. The blue and white picture tiles around the fireplace glistened, until they rivalled in brightness the brass bowls that stood beside the cheese-press in the corner of the room. Along the mantelpiece stood a row of pretty plates of old china, and upon a table, in the center of the room, was a brass lamp, in which Vrouw Rijs had put a bit of twisted cotton, dipped in rape-seed oil for a wick.



"Goosie Gander," said Katrina, "if it's a nest you are looking for, you won't find it here. Come with me to the stable."

The stable was really a part of the house, as it was all built under one steep roof of red tiles. In it there were two stalls for the two black-and-white cows, pride of Vrouw Rijs' heart, and in each stall was a white curtained window. The stalls themselves were paved and spread with sand. There was not a speck of dust anywhere. The cows were scrubbed until they shone, and their tails were looped up with cords.

Beside the stalls there was a workbench where Jacob Rijs, Katrina's father, spent most of his hours ashore.

Up in the corner, near the stalls, Katrina made a nest for Goosie Gander. Beside it she placed a bowl of water. It was as nice a home as any gander could wish for, but Goosie Gander, always thinking of his lost mate, was not



Katrina and Jan

happy. He came to adore his new mistress with the yellow hair and laughing blue eyes, but as soon as she would leave him alone, he would begin his mournful "Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk."

"What shall I do for him, mother?" asked Katrina.

"I do not know, bright eyes. In time I think he will forget."

It was not long after this that Katrina heard Goosie Gander crying very loudly and excitedly. Though she was in the midst of churning butter, she stopped and ran to the stable door. There stood Goosie Gander, preening himself and strutting around, as if he were the happiest gander in the world. Then he saw Katrina. He waddled over to her, and taking the hem of her skirt in his bill, guided her to a corner of the stable.

"Honk, honk!" he cried joyously.

"Why, Goosie Gander! Mother—mother!" called Katrina.

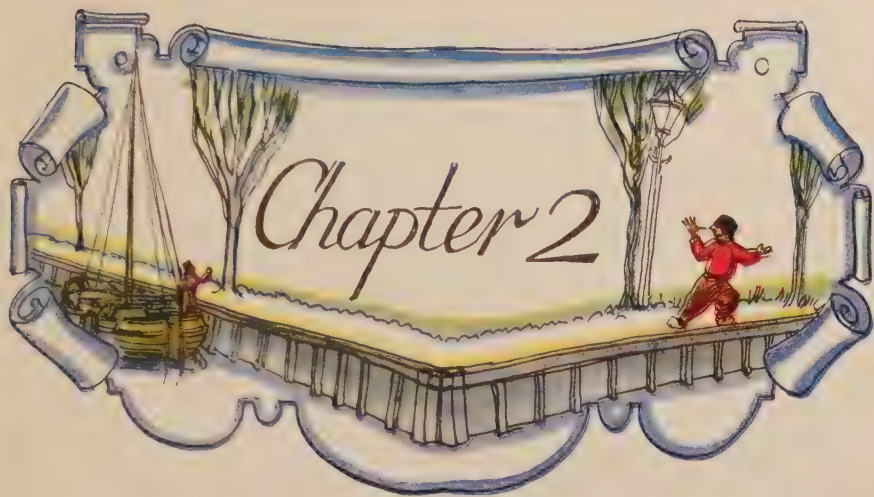
"Yes, bright eyes."

"Look, mother, he sees himself in a bit of mirror I threw away yesterday, and I believe he thinks his reflection is his goose."

"The foolish gander," laughed her mother, as she returned to her bread making.

Katrina was overjoyed to think that at last her Goosie Gander was happy. With a piece of wool she polished the broken mirror until it shone like a diamond. Then she tied it to a beam, and let it hang down beside Goosie Gander's nest, so that it would be the first thing he would see in the morning. And all the time the gander was following her around, crying "Honk, honk," but this time Katrina knew what he was saying, "I've found my goose. I've found my goose!"





JAN JANSEN

AS Katrina had said Jan Jansen's home was not of the happiest. He lived with his father and mother and younger brother Huibert on a canal-boat, which plied between the peat fields and the village.

Jan's father was known as a turf *schipper*.* He was a great burly Dutchman, grim and severe.

When the boat was under way he would stand at the tiller, smoking his pipe and shouting between puffs at Jan or the hired-man to attend to the sails. As to his smoking, Schipper Jansen was a true Volendamer, for there was a saying that the men of Volendam smoked more and talked less than any others in Holland. But Schipper Jansen was not a quiet man. It seemed as if he was always shouting at someone, or for something.

Vrouw Jansen, like her husband, was thick-set and solid looking. In her queer Dutch dress, a flannel shirt, a muslin waist, and many, many petticoats, she looked very round and fat and clumsy. And Vrouw Jansen was as queer as her clothes, though she was not so queer but that she kept the snug little

**schipper*—skipper.

Katrina and Jan

cabin on the boat as clean and bright as any good Dutch woman should.

The cabin was painted a bright green. In the middle of the room was a table surrounded by four straight chairs, and in a recess in the wall was a small stove, its brass handles and ornaments, and the pots and pans that set upon it, polished like mirrors. About the sides of the cabin were the family beds, built into the walls like closets, and hung with brightly-colored curtains.

It was only during the winter months that the family used this room for other than sleeping and eating, for the ceiling was low. There was scarcely room enough to stand upright.

On this special day Schipper Jansen was preparing to leave for the peat fields which were, as he said, about two pipes away, which meant that he would have time to smoke two pipes during the trip. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the sails on the boat flapped uselessly about the mast. But Schipper Jansen was not to be thwarted. He ordered his wife and his children, along with the hired-man, to take hold of the ropes and pull the boat on her way.



Katrina and Jan

Vrouw Jansen, as unsmiling as a Dutch cheese, passed a loop of the rope about her chest, then Jan and Huibert took their places behind her, with the hired-man coming ast. Straining every nerve, the four pulled and pulled. The boat moved slowly along the canal. And all the while Schipper Jansen, smoking his pipe, sat in comfort beside the tiller.

No wonder that Jan longed to be a grown man, so that he could sit like his father in ease while others did the work!

"*Ach!*" shouted a voice. "See Jan working like a dog."

Jan recognized the voice of Pieter Dirk, whose father was the proprietor of the little hotel, where lodged a great many artists who came to Volendam to paint the fishing boats.

Behind Pieter stood a girl who was smiling roguishly at Jan. It was Antje.

After his first glance at the pair Jan did not look their way again, but how he longed to lay his hands on Pieter just long enough to push him into the canal.

"And now let us go and see Katrina Rijs," Jan heard Antje say to Pieter, as they turned away.

Shortly after Pieter and Antje had gone, a brisk breeze



Katrina and Jan

filled the sails, which had been hanging idly from the mast. The boat gave a joyful little spurt ahead.

Schipper Jansen ordered his family aboard immediately. The hired-man was the first to swing himself on deck, then the mother and little Huibert. But there was an imp of mischief whispering in Jan's ear, and instead of obeying his father's command, he turned and fled down the dike.

Had his father time to leave his ship Jan would have fared badly, but as it was he continued along his way.

He turned his steps in the direction of Katrina's home. As he neared the cottage he saw upon the doorstep three pairs of wooden shoes all pointing toward the door, just as the owners had stepped out of them. Two of them Jan knew must be Pieter's and Antje's and the third was probably Katrina's. Then Jan crept close to the white-curtained window and peered within. How his mouth watered! Vrouw Rijs was cutting hot gingerbread into great slices, and the three children were gathered about her waiting expectantly.

Jan gave an extra tug at his belt, then sped around to the back of the house to the stable entrance. Cautiously he tried the door. It was unlocked so he opened it slowly, lest an unexpected squeak should betray him. It was deserted.

Then Jan went out into the yard. Ah! he now saw what he wanted. Waddling about under a row of pollard willows, his bill combing the grass for insects, was Goosie Gander.

Jan approached Goosie Gander from the back. With a quick thrust he caught him by his legs.

There was a hoarse "Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" which was hastily muffled by Jan's free hand.

Without stopping to see if Katrina had heard the frightened cry of her pet, Jan ran with the struggling gander to a tree against whose trunk was a ladder leading to a basket hung high up in the branches.

Katrina and Jan

The basket had been placed there by Katrina's father to lure the wild ducks to lay their eggs in them.

When Jan reached the top of the ladder he pulled a heavy piece of twine from his voluminous pocket. Then, for awhile, it was a question as to who was to be master of the situation, Jan or Goosie Gander, who was struggling and flapping his wings wildly. But Jan was the victor in the end, and Goosie Gander was tied securely to the basket of twigs.

With a laugh, Jan slid down the ladder pulling it down after him. Surrounding the yard was a hawthorn hedge, and behind this Jan hid himself and the ladder.

No one had heard the wild squawking of Goosie Gander and Jan had a long wait before he saw the three children come out of the cottage. Then Jan heard a voice.

"Why, what is the matter with Goosie Gander?" cried Katrina.

"Halloo!" shouted Pieter. "He's crazy! Look at him up in the duck's basket."

Then Jan had a vision of flying legs, as Katrina and Antje raced with Pieter to the willow tree, high up in which Goosie Gander was being swayed to and fro by the wind.

"Come, Goosie Gander, come," called Katrina.

"Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" wailed Goosie Gander.

"He's afraid to come down, now that he is up so high," suggested Antje.

"Pieter," said Katrina, "you will have to climb the ladder and get him." Then for the first time Katrina realized that the ladder was not in its accustomed place.

"Go to the stable, Pieter," commanded Katrina. "Father must have left it there."

But Pieter couldn't find the ladder, and so Katrina and Antje went to help him. The three searched every corner of the stable.

Katrina and Jan

As soon as Jan saw them disappear within doors, he hurriedly returned with the ladder, put it in place, and hid himself once more behind the hedge.

It was not long before the children, much puzzled, returned to the willow tree.

"Why, Pieter," exclaimed Katrina in surprise, "the ladder is right there where it ought to be."

"*Donders!*"* shouted Pieter. "The fairies must have been at work."

At this Jan jumped up from his hiding-place, and leaning over the hedge, laughed mockingly at the three children.

"Jan, you're a bad boy," cried Antje, stamping her foot.

But Jan only laughed louder, and made faces at Pieter. Then much to Antje's and Pieter's surprise, Katrina called. "Come, Jan, mother has some gingerbread for you."

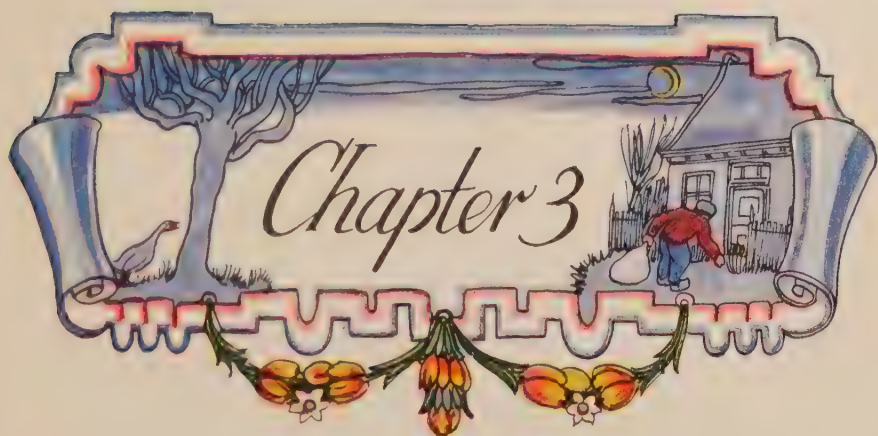
Now it was Jan's turn to look astonished. He thought Katrina was making fun of him. Without a word in answer to her, he stalked off down the road.

"Why did you do that?" asked Antje and Pieter, almost in the same breath.

"Mother said that an empty stomach breeds mischief, so I thought perhaps Jan must be hungry. But now go, Pieter, and get Goosie Gander."

When Katrina found that Jan had tied her pet to the nest she wished that after all she had not told him of the gingerbread, for she felt that even gingerbread would not make a boy like Jan good.

*Thunder!



GOOSIE GANDER PLAYS DETECTIVE

IT was not long after this that Katrina, returning home from market one morning, stopped to examine the long row of tulips growing just outside the doorway of the gabled cottage. They were flourishing wonderfully. Goosie Gander followed closely at her heels, calling softly "Honk, honk" as if his calls were as necessary to the tulip plants as the loving care Katrina lavished upon them.

"Mother, mother, come here," called Katrina. "The flowers are opening. They will be just in time for Tulip Sunday."

Vrouw Rijs came quickly, for she was as much interested in the precious tulips as her daughter was.

"See the color," her mother said, pointing to one perfect half-open bud, of a pink so soft and rich that it scarcely looked real. "One more day and they will be fine. We must start early tomorrow, little Katrina. Uncle Adriaan has promised to come from Hoorn and take us and our bulbs to the Market in his boat."

"Honk, honk!" said Goosie Gander again, as if for all the world he expected to go with Uncle Adriaan, too.

"Mother," said Katrina, suddenly turning a serious face toward her mother, "I forgot to tell you that I met Jan this



 Katrina and Jan

morning, and he said that his tulips were far better than mine. Do you suppose he told the truth?"

"Jan! Bah, no! I don't believe he has any tulips. He was only teasing my little Katrina. Now run into the house, daughter, for you have yet to starch your lace cap."

"Yes, mother," Katrina answered, "and I will lay out my new red jacket and my dress, so that I will not be late in the morning."

Katrina's mother looked up from the tulips and nodded her approval.

What a picture the child made as she stood in the doorway for a moment! Her pretty face was shaded by the quaint Dutch cap that she wore; her cheeks were round and rosy, and her eyes as blue as the Dutch sky overhead.

"She is a good girl," Vrouw Rijs murmured to herself. "I shall pray that she may win the prize."

"Honk, honk!" chimed in Goosie Gander, which meant that he, too, was going to pray.

Late that night when Vrouw Rijs and Katrina were sound asleep Goosie Gander was awakened by a strange, rustling sound. What could it be? Goosie Gander rose from his nest, shook himself, preened his feathers a bit, then waddled sleepily toward the half open door. At first when he looked out into the moonlight Goosie Gander saw only the shadows of the big windmill as its arms turned restlessly in the night. Then something moved, and Goosie Gander saw the dim figure of a boy moving quietly about among Katrina's tulips.

Goosie Gander blinked his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming. He would know that figure anywhere. It was Jan, the boy who had struck him with his great wooden shoe when he had only asked him to help find his goose, and who had tied him to the basket in the tree. What was Jan doing

Katrina and Jan

here at this time of night? Goosie Gander felt sure that he was up to some kind of mischief. Quietly he waddled out into the yard, then suddenly, hissing and threatening with his wings, he flew at the unsuspecting Jan.

Jan was terrified. Picking up a box which he had already filled with Katrina's choicest tulips, he turned and fled toward the dike. Goosie Gander followed him, half running, half flying. He tried to stop the boy's flight by catching hold of his trousers with his bill. But once more Jan used his wooden *klompen*. Poor old Goosie Gander! He did his best, but Jan was too strong for him. However, much to his delight, he had torn a big piece of cloth out of the boy's trousers. Carefully he carried the bit of blue woolen back to the doorstep of his little mistress' house.

"Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" he called again and again.

"Why, Goosie Gander, what are you doing out there at this time of night?" Katrina cried, as she put her head out of the window.

"Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" Goosie Gander continued, as if he were trying hard to explain to Katrina. Then he picked up the bit of cloth in his bill and held it up towards Katrina, but Katrina could not see what it was, even though it was a bright moonlight night.

"Mother," Katrina said, as she gently pushed aside the curtains of her mother's bed, "something has happened. Goosie Gander wants us. Come quickly."

"Nonsense, Katrina, you are dreaming," the mother said, but nevertheless she got up and went with Katrina to the door.

As soon as the door was opened Goosie Gander laid the piece of cloth in Katrina's outstretched hand, and then taking hold of her skirt, he guided her to the tulip bed. Katrina followed Goosie Gander wondering why he was so excited.

Katrina and Jan

"Mother, mother," Katrina sobbed, "my prize tulips are gone, the pink ones and the red ones, the finest are gone."

"What!" Vrouw Rijs exclaimed, as she rushed to Katrina's side to see with her own eyes what had happened.

"Ah!" she said, kneeling beside the bed. "Someone has stolen them. See, here is the fresh print of a big *klomp*."

"Katrina," she continued, "show me the bit of cloth Goosie Gander gave you."

Katrina had flung herself down on the ground beside Goosie Gander, and now with her arms about his neck, was weeping bitterly.

"Here it is, mother," she said, turning a tear-stained face toward her mother.

"Don't cry, little one," Vrouw Rijs said, as she patted her daughter's golden head. "It will be all right. Goosie Gander—ah, he is a clever one! Tomorrow Katrina shall have her prize tulips back again. Is it not so, Goosie Gander?"

"Honk, honk!" answered Goosie Gander, bobbing up and down in his excitement, like a churn dasher.







KATRINA WINS THE SILVER SKATES

NEXT morning Vrouw Rijs was up with the sun. She put on her best dress with her second-best apron, and on her head she tied a white muslin cap with a pretty crocheted border at the back of the neck, and over this, except over the border, she tied another one of black silk.

"You are to go with Uncle Adriaan, Katrina, and take with you the rest of the tulips. I will meet you at the Market," Vrouw Rijs said, as she left the little cottage, and started in the direction of the village.

A little later Katrina, trying to be brave and keep back the tears, sailed along the canal with Uncle Adriaan. There were many boats on the canal for it was a bright, sunshiny day, and everyone was going to the flower show. There was much laughing and talking, and soon Katrina of the glad heart was all smiles herself, for how could anyone be unhappy on a day such as this. Even the frogs in the neighboring bullrushes were doing their best to sound happy.

When Katrina and Uncle Adriaan reached the great square, which was already a wonderful garden of tulips, they were greatly surprised to find Vrouw Rijs waiting for them.

Katrina and Jan

"See," she said, smiling at Katrina, "here they are. Good old Goosie Gander! And I'm thinking," she continued, with a twinkle in her eye, "that Jan Jansen won't be here today. He won't be needing his trousers, either, for his mother has sent him to bed to stay there until he has promised to mend his ways."

"But how did you know, mother, that Jan took my tulips?" Katrina asked.

"You remember the piece of blue woolen that Goosie Gander brought to you? Yes? Well, I remembered that Jan had a pair of blue woolen trousers like that. So I went to Schipper Jansen's boat to see if there was a tear in those trousers, and there was! Jan, the rascal, had told his mother that he bought the tulips in the village."

"Well, well," said Uncle Adriaan, "I guess he won't go stealing tulips again. And now we must find our stall."

After Katrina had arranged her tulips on the stand, and left good Vrouw Rijs to guard them, she and Uncle Adriaan wandered for hours looking at the vast sea of tulips.

Mayke and Antje were there, in fact all of the boys and girls of the village had come with their offerings of tulips.

"Oh, Pieter, yours are lovely," said Katrina, as they stopped a moment before a mass of glowing pink tulips.

"Not half so lovely as yours," answered Pieter gallantly. "You will win the prize, I know."

"Oh, no, Pieter, I am afraid not."

But just the same Katrina's heart beat a merry pit-a-pat at the thought of the possible prize. Later in the afternoon, when she returned to her own stall, it began to beat so violently that she feared everyone would hear it.

Could it be? Oh, yes, there was her mother, her face wreathed in smiles, pointing to a card, which was swinging over the booth.

Katrina and Jan

"Mother, mother!" the child exclaimed, clapping her hands for joy when she read the words "FIRST PRIZE. Katrina Rijs."

"Yes, little bright eyes, the silver skates are yours, and now you must go to the great Mynheer and thank him."

Uncle Adriaan proudly led Katrina to the great artist who was sitting under a canopy in the center of the Market.

"Ah, Mynheer," cried Katrina, her voice trembling with excitement, "I thank you so much."

The artist patted Katrina's head and replied, "I am glad that you are so happy. Someday you will have to skate for me."

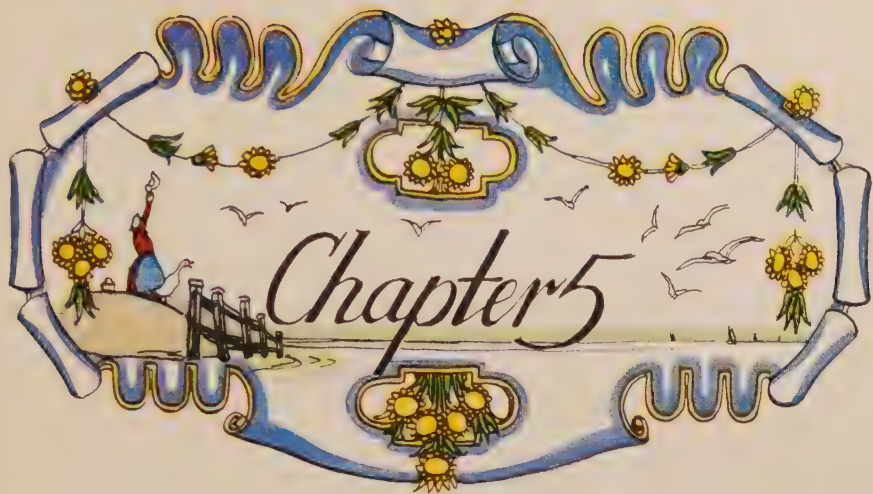
"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the crowd, and Katrina found herself surrounded by a laughing, shouting group of boys and girls.

She felt very proud and very happy, only she wanted to escape from the people and run home where she could sit by herself and look at the beautiful silver skates.

"Please, Uncle Adriaan," she whispered, "take me home so that I can tell Goosie Gander all about it."







COMRADES

AS the days went by Katrina and her Goosie Gander became close friends. Now that the days were warmer, they went to the harbor every Friday afternoon to await the return of the fishing boat that brought Katrina's father. Sometimes they were joined by some of the village children who also came to watch for the boats.

While they waited the children often tossed small pebbles out over the water to startle the seagulls. Then what a splashing and whirring of wings as the gulls rose from the water, and flew to a spot out of reach of their pebbles!

At sight of the leader of the fishing fleet, the children, followed by the faithful gander, would run far out along the dike and wave their handkerchiefs.

Jacob Rijs, Katrina's father was a tall man, all brawn and bone, with a bronzed, weather-beaten skin. He was a man given little to talk, and yet he had a good heart. Not for the world would he have hurt a feather on Goosie Gander's back.

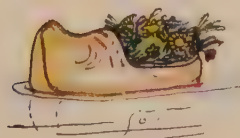
The day after his return Jacob Rijs would take his daughter and Goosie Gander aboard his boat, for there was nothing Katrina liked better than to help mend the big

Katrina and Jan

brown nets and spread them out to dry. And very often she would help her father clean the snug little cabin and wash down the decks, for Jacob Rijs was as fussy as his *vrouw* when it came to housecleaning. Every nailhead on the boat had to be polished, until it looked like a glistening diamond.

After the work on the boat was done the three would walk back together along the dike to the cottage, where Vrouw Rijs would have a blazing fire and a hot supper waiting for them. When father was home from a cruise there was always sure to be soup, fish with potatoes and a white sauce which Baas Rijs was especially fond of, and the usual black bread and cheese. Sometimes there was a dish of corn set upon the hearth for Goosie Gander, so that he, too, might listen to the tales Jacob Rijs had to tell of his fishing trip.

On Monday morning Jacob Rijs would return with the fleet to the fishing waters. Then Katrina and Goosie Gander would play once more with the village children. Sometimes,



much to the delight of her friends, Katrina would set adrift on the canal one of her wooden shoes filled with a cargo of bright-colored flowers. Goosie Gander in his excitement would plunge into the water and swim alongside of the shoe.

Katrina, laughing and shouting, would run along the bank, followed by a long line of gleeful children.

Often, when they were alone, Katrina and Goosie Gander would go along the dike as far as Joost Hobbelpoot's mill.

Joost Hobbelpoot, the miller, was a queer old man with a short bristling beard. And the pipe he smoked! It was the longest and oddest Katrina had ever seen. There were some of the village folk who declared his mind was a bit affected. Neither Mayke nor Antje could be persuaded to go with Katrina to see him. Pieter was the only one besides herself



 Katrina and Jan

who was willing to venture into the strange man's mill, though, in truth, the poor man was harmless. But it was not often that Pieter could find time to leave the hotel, for outside of school hours he was at the beck and call of the lodgers.

On the days that Joost Hobbelpoot ground flour Katrina liked to stand quietly watching the big stone crush the grain to bits. It rolled round and round on a flat stone, crunching, crunching. All about the under stone was a railing to keep the flour from working off the edge.

Other days when Joost Hobbelpoot had furled his sails and stored away the flour in small sacks he would take Katrina on his knee and tell her wonder tales of long ago. One would have thought that Goosie Gander, too, understood the stories, for he would sit in the corner of the mill, quiet as a mouse, blinking his little eyes and looking very wise.

Once when the two went to call on the miller they found him away, so they crossed a narrow canal and wandered through the meadows back of the mill, where there were rows and rows of elms, poplars and ash trees. The grass was dotted everywhere with bright yellow buttercups and daisies.

"Come, Goosie Gander, we will make a wreath to take home to mother," said Katrina, gathering a handful of daisies.

"Honk, honk!" agreed Goosie Gander.

As Katrina worked she sang, and it was as if a bit of heaven had been dropped into her throat. She had forgotten all about such ordinary things as butter-making, cooking, polishing, cleaning and the hundreds of other things she did at home each day. She was thinking only of the blue sky and the green grass and the pretty flowers. Then, too, she fell to wondering what it was that made Pieter Dirk good, and what it was that made Jan bad. Perhaps that was why she did not hear the strange thud, thud, that echoed sharply across the meadow behind her.



Katrina and Jan

Suddenly looking up to watch the flight of a startled bird Katrina saw a ram, with lowered head, rushing madly toward her.

"Oh, Goosie Gander, quick!" she shouted. "We shall be hurt!"

Katrina started to run, but realizing that she couldn't reach the mill in time, she turned and bravely faced the ram, with her two slender arms outstretched. Her only hope was to catch hold of the ram's horns and hold on until someone came to the rescue.

In a moment the ram was upon her. Katrina screamed, as she clutched madly at the animal's horns. She caught them and clung to them with might. Oh, Jan! Oh, Pieter! Where are you now?

At first the ram didn't know what to make of the bundle of red and blue calico dangling before his eyes. He tried his best to shake it off, but when he found that he couldn't he was very angry. He began to push. He pushed and pushed.

All this time Goosie Gander, a bit puzzled at the manner of the ram, kept circling round and round, trying to make up his mind just what he should do. Was the ram a friend, playing a new game with his mistress? Then why the dreadful screams? Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. With a hoarse "Honk, honk" he flew at the ram's sides, and pecked and pecked as hard as he could.

The ram whirled about so suddenly that Katrina lost her hold of his horns. Goosie Gander flapped his wings in the face of the ram, trying to blind him. But the ram was far too powerful for Goosie Gander. How he worried him and tossed him about on his great horns!

"Joost Hobbelpoot, Joost Hobbelpoot!" shrieked Katrina as she spied the miller walking slowly along the road. "Please, please, he's being killed!"

Katrina and Jan

"Goede Gunst!" muttered the old man, as he hurried across the canal as fast as his old legs, aided by a stout cane, could carry him. "The little lassie and her gander!"

Never had Joost Hobbelpoot moved as quickly as he did now. He actually raced across the meadow to the spot where the ram was still battling with the half-dead gander.

The old miller straightened himself as he drew near, and lifting his cane high over his head he brought it down across the ram's back with an awful thud.

Now the ram knew Joost Hobbelpoot, and decided if he was a friend of the little girl it was time for a retreat. So off he went like a streak, bounding across the meadow.

"Thank you, Joost Hobbelpoot, oh, thank you," cried Katrina, turning a tear-stained face toward the old man. "I was afraid you were too late."

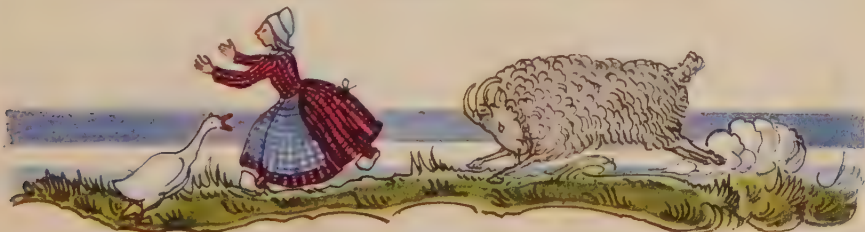
Joost Hobbelpoot picked up the bleeding gander and carried him gently back to the mill.

"Poor Goosie Gander," said Katrina softly, as the miller washed and dressed his wounds. "You did it to save me!"

"Don't weep, little lass. A few days and he will be as well as ever," said the miller, stooping a moment to pat Katrina's curly head.

"You are a great doctor," Katrina said, smiling through her tears, and then turning to her pet, "But it's glad I am that you can't look into your mirror and see yourself now. Such a sight as you are, you poor old Goosie Gander!"

"Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" sighed Goosie Gander contentedly.









ON SKATES

KATRINA eagerly awaited the coming of winter now that the silver skates were her very own. But all summer long she worked faithfully, patting into shape mound after mound of yellow cheese, which she, herself, carried to market every Thursday morning. Still her heart was filled with just such silvery tunes as the merry carillons rang out over the peaked roofs and gables along the way, for as she trudged to market she dreamed great dreams. In her dreams the road to market was the road to Amsterdam, and the basket of cheese on her head was the wonderful tam that she wanted to wear to the Carnival. The cheese market was the frozen Y where the Carnival was to be held, and the village men and women were the gay spectators at the contest.

But the cheese market, itself, was no place in which to dream, for it was a busy place. Such a hustle and a bustle when the hour of ten sounded! The long rows of cheese were uncovered, and up and down between the rows the buyers walked, looking at them and testing them. Then when a bargain was made there was much puffing of pipes and slapping of hands, apparently the Dutch way of sealing a deal.

Katrina and Jan

One day as Katrina was waiting for her cheese to be weighed a woman, who wore a jacket with enormous red sleeves, smiled and said to her, "Ah, I am glad to see you, Katrina. Mietje told me that you are going to the Carnival at Amsterdam next Winter. There's none so fleet of foot, and I'll be praying that you bring home the Grand Prize."

"You are very kind, Juffrouw Kolp," replied Katrina. "If only I can earn *guilders** enough for the costume I wish, I will be so happy. It is to be all white and soft—just like Goosie Gander's feathers," she ended, with a sparkle in her eyes and a clap of her hands.

"Ah, that gander! He's a brave one, he is," laughed Juffrouw Kolp, for she had heard how, in the Spring, Goosie Gander had caught Jan trying to rob Katrina of her prize tulips. "And Katrina,"—Juffrouw Kolp lowered her voice—"Mietje told me this morning that Jan, the bad boy, is to be punished by law, for robbing a poor bird's nest."

"Ah, poor Jan!" sighed Katrina. "He is always in trouble. But now I must hurry home, for tomorrow father's fishing boat returns from the North Sea, and mother and I must scrub and polish this afternoon."

On her way home Katrina clattered in her clumsy *klompen* past a meadow now golden with marsh marigolds, then climbed to the top of the dike and proceeded along her way. From the dike she could look for miles out over the flat country, dotted every few miles with gaily-painted wind-

*A silver coin worth about 40 cents.



Katrina and Jan

mills, whose arms were revolving furiously in the brisk morning breeze. Here and there a group of houses with bright green blinds and small-paned windows leaned toward each other like old village gossips, their quaint red roofs pulled like slouch hats far down over their eyes. To Katrina it was all very beautiful. She loved every inch of her country, and when she came in sight of her own home with its window boxes of scarlet geraniums, and its stiff little garden with flowers in a straight row she smiled approvingly.

"Perhaps," she half whispered, as she watched the stork hover over its nest on the chimney top, "perhaps the stork will bring me good luck, and I shall go to the Carnival."

Just then Goosie Gander, his feathers as white as the winter's snow, waddled out into the yard.

"I wonder," laughed Katrina, as she knelt beside him, "if I can ever teach a dear clumsy old thing like you to skate?"

"Honk, honk!" answered Goosie Gander promptly, as if to say, "I am sure you can."

That was why Katrina had waited so impatiently the coming of winter. She wanted to go to the Carnival, all dressed in white with Goosie Gander skating at her side. How her mother had laughed when she had told her about it, but now she, too, was saving every *stuiver** she could spare to buy white fur and white cloth for her pretty little daughter.

Fortunately, winter came early in Holland that year, and Katrina did not have long to wait before the canals were covered with ice. How the meadows and the pastures sparkled after the first snow fall! The thatched roofs of the creaking windmills, and the stepped gables of the cottages looked as if they had been frosted with powdered sugar.

Now that winter had come Katrina attended the village school, but whenever the ice was strong the children were

**stuiver*—penny.



Katrina and Jan

dismissed at two o'clock. Katrina, with her silver skates, was the envy of all the boys and girls, most of whom wore for skates flat pieces of wood with iron runners beneath. These they tied on with leather straps, or colored ribbons.

The very first day that Vrouw Rijs could spare her daughter, Katrina strapped to her feet her beautiful skates. Up and down over the long smooth plain of ice she raced for hours. How light and airy she was, like a fairy dancing to fairy music, turning, twisting and gliding in graceful circles, like a gay butterfly poised for flight.

She was never alone on the canal, for as soon as winter came everyone put on skates. For once the good housewives and their daughters stopped their eternal scrubbing and knitting and took to skating; children skated to and from school; Dutchmen, always puffing away on their curious pipes, whizzed to and from their day's work; while peasant women in their gay costumes, merry maidens from the neighboring cities, muffled in costly furs, little toddlers and rich old burgomasters' ladies, riding in chairs, all flitted here and there, skimming over the ice with marvelous speed.

"Your skates are wonderful, Katrina," said Pieter, as he glided along the canal with Katrina one afternoon.

"They are too wonderful, Pieter," laughed Katrina. "I am never ready to go home. And oh, Pieter, did I tell you that Mynheer de Groot, who gave me the silver skates, has promised to teach me some fancy steps."

"The great Mynheer!" exclaimed Pieter. "Then surely you will win the prize in Amsterdam, for he is a wonderful skater."

For a while the two children, laughing and chatting, chased each other back and forth over the frozen canal. Finally Pieter suggested that they stop for *wafelen*.*

**wafelen* — waffle.

Katrina and Jan

"*Wafelen!*" cried Katrina, beaming her acceptance at the thought of the little oblong wafers, fried in an iron, buttered and sugared, so dear to the Dutch child's heart.

Hand in hand, they flew along the canal to a white booth where an old *vrouw*, nearly as wide as she was tall, was cooking *wafelen* over a hot charcoal fire. First she put the dough into moulds and then, when they were delicately browned, she turned them out on a plate before the hungry children.

As Katrina and Pieter stood there, nibbling at the delicious *wafelen*, Pieter gave a cry of alarm.

"Look out! It is Jan."

Bearing straight down on them came Jan Jansen, his wooden skates squeaking at every stroke. For a moment it looked as if he was purposely going to run them down. Then when he was very close to them he swept gracefully to one side, but not until he had knocked the *wafelen* out of Pieter's hand.

"*Donder!*" shouted Pieter in great anger. But Jan only laughed and speeded away, bent on other mischief.

Katrina watched the departing figure, and thought, as Jan hastened out of sight, that there was not another of the boys who had the long easy stride of Jan. What a queer boy he was! Always mocking, jeering and teasing.

Then motioning to Pieter, Katrina turned and flew along the canal to join a merry troop of boys and girls who were playing tag.



KATRINA MAKES A FRIEND FOR LIFE

A FEW days after this Vrouw Rijs entertained a caller, an old friend who skated over from Zaandam, which might be called Windmill Town because of its four hundred windmills. It was tea-time in the afternoon when she arrived and much to good Vrouw Rijs' annoyance the fire was out, and there was no water for tea.

"Go quickly, Katrina, and buy a kettle of boiling water and some turf to keep it hot," said Vrouw Rijs to her daughter, dropping a couple of pennies into her hand.

Katrina did as she was told. She hastened to a small house in the village where, for the money her mother gave her, she bought a kettle of boiling water and a glowing turf to keep it hot on the homeward trip.

It had snowed that morning, and the ground was covered with a light covering of sticky snow, just the kind from which to make snowballs.

As Katrina was passing the village school on her way home, she saw, a long way ahead of her, two boys—Klaas



Katrina and Jan



Jonckheere and Frits Voost, she thought they were. They had made a number of snowballs, bits of brick rolled in snow, wet and frozen, and were trying to throw them down the chimney of Dame Boekman's cottage. The top of the chimney was high above their heads, and the boys were apparently poor marksmen, for the round white balls fell, one after another, with a dull thud upon the tiled roof. Ah! but at last Klaas made a bull's eye, and down the chimney a big ball tumbled. Then with a muffled shout the two boys fled up the street, and hiding themselves behind the walls of the church nearby they watched to see what would happen next.

Now it happened that Dame Boekman was preparing her man's supper, and when the snowball came toppling down the chimney it fell with a great splash into the brass kettle, which she had just filled with milk and flour and something resembling cracked wheat. The once shining tiles about the hearth were splattered with hot milk and so was Dame Boekman's embroidered bodice, for she was then on her knees replenishing the fire with a block of peat.

"Mischief!" shouted Mynheer Boekman, who was seated in a corner of the room, smoking a long pipe. And without another word he jumped up from his chair, caught up a broom and rushed from the house.

On the doorstep he halted for a moment. He looked angrily down the street. There was only Katrina Rijs coming with her kettle of water. He turned and looked up the street. On ahead was a tall figure, dressed as all the village boys dressed, in wide trousers and a comical short-waisted red coat. There was something about the boy as he hurried along the road that told Mynheer Boekman that his name was Jan Jansen. And Mynheer Boekman knew only too well what a mischief-maker Jan was.

Katrina and Jan

"That Jan Jansen!" he muttered to himself. "I'll catch him."

Away up the road went Mynheer Boekman, his shoes thundering over the cobblestones, that had been swept clean of every particle of snow. Had only Mynheer Boekman glanced to the right of the little church as he passed it, he would have seen two boys peering out at him, watching joyfully to see Jan Jansen punished for their misdeeds.

"Wah!" laughed one of the boys. "He will beat Jan for this, and I am glad, for yesterday he won all my marbles from me."

Jan heard the heavy footsteps as they neared him. He glanced over his shoulder to see who was following him.



Katrina and Jan

"You—Jan Jansen!" shouted Mynheer, nearly out of breath.

Jan, little knowing why the man shouted at him decided, however, at sight of his face, to keep out of his reach. He broke into a run. Mynheer ran, too. Then suddenly the fleet-footed Jan stumbled and fell. He tried to rise, but before he could do so, Mynheer Boekman was upon him.

Mynheer Boekman lifted his broom high and laid it with a resounding whack across Jan's shoulders.

"*Alst-u-blieft*,"* Mynheer, *alst-u-blieft*. If you please, Mynheer, if you please," came a voice. Then Mynheer Boekman felt two hands tugging frantically at the arm that held the broom. He whirled about. Beside him, breathing hard, stood Katrina Rijs, her cheeks crimson.

"Oh, no, Mynheer, it was not Jan who threw the snow-ball."

"Not Jan! But then why did he run?" asked Mynheer Boekman.

"I am not sure of their names, Mynheer, but I, myself, saw two boys throwing balls at your chimney. When one fell into it they ran away. Then Jan came up a side road ahead of me, and passed your house just before you came out and started to chase him."

"It is, of course, as you say, Katrina, but a whipping will not harm the lad," the man laughed, however, and releasing his hold of Jan shouted, "Get along with you!"

Jan stood up quickly, straightened his cap, and with only a quick expressionless glance at Katrina, he turned his face away and was gone. Could Katrina have read what was in Jan's heart at that moment, though, it would not have taken her as long as it did to learn that she had made a friend for life.

*If you please.

Katrina and Jan

Katrina looked wistfully after Jan. Then she smiled up at Mynheer. "Thank you, Mynheer Boekman. I must go now, as mother is waiting for the water."

She turned back a few steps to get the kettle which she had set down on some one's doorstep, then picking it up she hurried on her way home.

"What a lassie," said Mynheer Boekman, a little later to his *vrouw*. "Jan Jansen played pranks on her Goosie Gander and stole her tulips, and yet she would not let me beat him."





JAN HAS A CHANGE OF HEART

THAT night after his usual slim supper of porridge, Jan slipped out of the stuffy cabin of the turf boat, which was now tied up in the harbor for the winter, and cautiously made his way over the deck to the forward hold, where the cargo of turf was stored. For awhile he sat upon a great pile of turf, swinging his legs and thinking. For once Jan found himself stirred by an impulse to do good. He was thinking of Katrina Rijs. As a general rule Jan scorned all girls, but Katrina Rijs was unlike anyone he had ever known. When he teased her she only laughed, and when he had teased her Goosie Gander she had offered him gingerbread. And now when the Mynheer was about to beat him she had interfered. And Jan was ashamed of himself! He had not even thanked her for what she had done! But words of thanks and praise were scarcely ever heard in Jan's home, and in truth the boy did not know how to thank Katrina.

Still he had a strange feeling that he wanted to do something to please Katrina, and so as he sat upon the blocks of turf he was actually planning something nice. At last he

Katrina and Jan

jumped up, and grabbing a sack, he quickly filled it with turf. Quietly, lest his father hear him and forbid it, he made his way ashore with the bundle. Then strapping on his wooden skates he glided away down the canal.

There were bright stars in the sky, and each one was mirrored in the clear frozen waters of the canal. It was cold, and Jan pulled his cap far down over his ears. With long, easy strides he sped swiftly toward the village, which was now asleep behind closed shutters. The stillness of the night was only broken by the squeak, squeak of Jan's home-made skates. After a time the boy slackened his pace, then peering into the darkness as if in search of something, he stopped abruptly, put his bundle down on the ground and stooped to remove his skates. Then once more he picked up the bulky bundle and swinging his skates over his shoulder he clamored over the dike to the little red-and-green cottage nestling close beside it.

There was not the glimmer of a light from within, and Jan rightly guessed that Katrina and her mother were asleep in their beds.

Jan deposited his bundle on the doorstep of the cottage, then turned and fled back across the dike.

Hardly had the sun sent the merry beams scattering over the land next morning than Katrina was up and dressed. It was her duty to feed Goosie Gander and the two fat cows, who wore canvas jackets during the Winter months and remained all day in their stalls.

"Why, mother," she cried upon opening the door.

"Yes, bright eyes."

"See what I have found on the doorstep."

"Perhaps," said Vrouw Rijs, "it does not belong here."

Then suddenly her eye caught the word "Katrina" scrawled in large uneven letters across the face of it.

Katrina and Jan

"It is something for you," said the good woman. "Open it!"

"Long turf!" she exclaimed, as Katrina opened the sack, "And ours is near gone."

"But who brought it here?" questioned Katrina.

"I do not know," replied the mother. Then a great smile lighted up her face. "Could it have been Jan?"

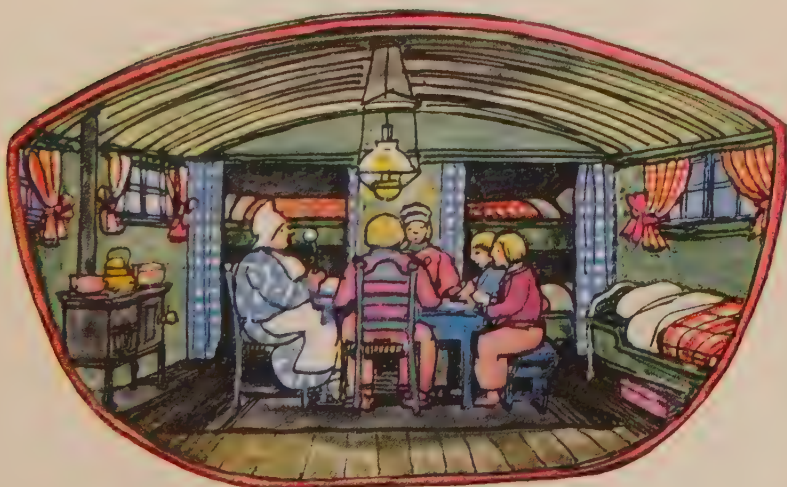
"You mean that Jan brought it to me, mother?"

"Ah, I do not know, but I think so, for the lad has a good heart if he can only find it. It is perhaps his way of thanking you for what you did for him yesterday."

"Honk, honk, honk!" interrupted Goosie Gander from the stable.

"Did you hear that, Goosie Gander?" asked Katrina joyfully, running to her pet, "Jan is a good boy, he is, he is!"

"Ho-o-nk, honk!" replied Goosie Gander, in such a way as to mean, "I, for one, am certainly glad to hear it."





IN WHICH GOOSIE GANDER LEARNS TO SKATE

FOR the next few days it seemed that Jan purposely avoided Katrina. At first Katrina had tried to seek him out to thank him for his gift, but later, on the advice of her mother, she left him alone, hoping that finally he would come to her.

"Ah, he is just an awkward boy," the mother had said. "Let him go his own way. I think he is trying hard to be friends, but he is clumsy about it."

And in the end Jan came to Katrina and in his own clumsy way.

One afternoon Katrina persuaded Goosie Gander to go with her out on the frozen canal. There, much to Goosie Gander's astonishment, Katrina strapped to his funny webbed feet, a tiny pair of double runners, that her fisherman father had made at his work-bench in the stable the last time he was home from a cruise. Poor old Goosie Gander! He didn't know just what to make of them. When he tried to walk his feet seemed bound to go in opposite directions. He struggled valiantly to keep steady, but it was no use; he merely

Katrina and Jan

floundered stupidly from side to side. But, worst of all, his dear little mistress stood there laughing at him.

"Oh, Goosie Gander, you are as clumsy as a cow!" she laughed. "Come now, try it again!"

Goosie Gander objected to trying again. He felt foolish and awkward. He wanted most of all to have Katrina take those strange things off his feet, but the more he scolded the harder Katrina laughed.

"Och! you poor Goosie Gander!" she said, half apologetically, "but you must learn to skate, for listen, Goosie Gander, if we win the prize at the Carnival it means new clothes for mother, a new pipe for father, and school all the year for me. Do you hear that?"

At which Goosie Gander sighed a mournful, "Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk," as if promising at least to do his best.

It happened then that Katrina looked up, and saw Jan Jansen standing nearby, watching her with amazed interest.

"Oh, Jan, he is so funny," laughed Katrina shyly

Jan continued to stare, but answered not a word.

"Come, Goosie Gander, come," pleaded Katrina, turning back to her pet.

Then Jan Jansen glided a few strokes nearer the two. "Perhaps I can teach him," he stammered.

"Oh, Jan, Jan, he must learn," said the girl eagerly. "You see, I want Goosie Gander to skate with me at the Carnival in Amsterdam."

In spite of his mischievous ways, if Jan once set out to do a thing he usually did it well, and so now he set earnestly to work to teach Goosie Gander to skate.

As you remember, Goosie Gander had no cause to love Jan, and at first he refused to be led about the canal by the boy. Finally Katrina coaxed him into believing that Jan meant him no harm. Cautiously, he waddled along the ice

Katrina and Jan

with the boy. It was hard, but the gander found that if he went very slowly he could keep his feet from running away from one another.

"That is enough for today, Jan, and I thank you for helping us. Perhaps tomorrow you will skate with us again," said Katrina.

"Tomorrow I will come again—if you wish it," Jan added a bit awkwardly.

"Indeed I do," answered Katrina earnestly. Then the two children separated, Jan, his heart beating strangely, speeding away to the harbor, while Katrina hastened back to her mother to tell her the great news that Jan Jansen, himself, had taught Goosie Gander to skate.

"Jan Jansen!" exclaimed the mother. "Ah, at last the boy is finding his heart. Bring him home tomorrow, and there shall be gingerbread and hot chocolate for the two of you."

During the short winter days that followed Katrina and Jan found a few moments each afternoon to meet on the canal, and give Goosie Gander a lesson in skating. At first Jan had little to say, but as the days passed he became more talkative. Katrina confided in him all her dreams of the trip to Amsterdam, and Jan, in his turn, told her of the few days he had once spent in the great, bustling city.

It was Vrouw Rijs who alone realized how great a change had come over Jan. It seemed to her that each day he grew less rough in his manner, and that, for the first time in his life, he was striving to please others than himself.

As the days flew by Jan's name was less often heard in connection with various mischievous happenings that took place in the village.

And it was with amazement that the villagers watched the once boisterous Jan striving to teach a gander fancy skating.



Katrina and Jan

"Hoot, lassie, will you look at that?" exclaimed a man, as fat and round as a Dutch cheese, as he halted with his daughter to watch Goosie Gander circling around after Katrina and Jan.

"It is Katrina Rijs," said the girl, who was none other than Mayke Dort. Then she added in astonishment, "And, bless me, it's Jan Jansen with her."

"Ay, but she's a fine girl, as her mother was before her," replied the father, "and if anyone can make Jan a good boy, it is Katrina Rijs."

"You should see her, father, in the costume she is going to wear to Amsterdam. It is lovely."

Out of yards and yards of soft white stuff, Vrouw Rijs had fashioned a marvelous gown for her daughter. It was trimmed with white fur and such lots of merry, jingling bells. To be sure, the fur was only a cheap imitation, but who would know! And the cap she had made, too. It was of soft fur with fine streamers of silver floating out from behind and tied with more bells.

It was not until the night before her departure to Amsterdam that Jan saw Katrina in her costume. Vrouw Rijs had invited Jan to remain with them that night for supper, and it was she who suggested that Katrina put on her dress.

To Jan Katrina was like a radiant fairy, and he could not imagine how it would be possible for anyone to be more beautiful than she. As Katrina pirouetted about the room, singing her glad song to the accompaniment of tinkling bells, a burning spot glowed in her cheeks and her great blue eyes were so bright, so eager. Suddenly in the midst of her dancing she stopped and looked wistfully at Jan.

"I wish, Jan, that you, too, could go to Amsterdam. You are sure your father will not let you?"

Katrina and Jan

Jan shook his head. "I have asked him. He will not let me go. He thinks it is foolish."

"Then if he says so, of course you must stay, but I am sorry, Jan."

"Come now, children, it is supper-time, and father is at the door," interrupted Vrouw Rijs, who was setting bowls of steaming food upon the table.

Baas Rijs had returned to port one day earlier than usual, so that he might be on hand to speed the travelers on their way.

"Ah, Jan, my lad," the big man said, as they all gathered about the table, "it is well that there is any supper tonight. The good vrouw is beside herself with joy, and is thinking only of the morrow. Ay, and it is many a year since last we were in the noisy city. The hubbub and din of a city is too much for an old fisherman like me. I prefer to sit and smoke my pipe here in peace."

Jan only sighed and wished with all his heart that he might be going to Amsterdam.





THE TRIP TO AMSTERDAM

WHAT washing and starching and ironing went on in the cottage that morning! For so great an occasion as a trip to Amsterdam Vrouw Rijs had consented to wear her cap of rare old lace, and to tie over her thirty-two petticoats a black apron of stiff silk. Katrina donned her bluest of blue skirts, a new brown jacket, and best of all, a pair of real leather shoes, a gift from dear Uncle Adriaan.



Uncle Adriaan, himself, arrived that morning from Hoorn in his ice-boat, for he was to take Katrina and her mother to Amsterdam. It was not a long journey, but as a great treat, Uncle Adriaan had promised Katrina that they should spend the night in one of the quaint inns on the outskirts of Amsterdam.

Vrouw Rijs, usually so calm and serene, was as excited as a school girl, and one would have thought

Katrina and Jan

that she was to be absent for a long while by the way she hurried back and forth through the rooms of the house, straightening a chair, dusting up a bit of imaginary dust, and drawing together the shutters.

"You take the bag, Katrina. Jan, you carry Goosie Gander, and I will carry the skates," said Vrouw Rijs, when Baas Rijs and Uncle Adriaan had told her for the hundredth time that they must be on their way.

Mayke and Antje and Pieter were waiting beside the ice-boat to bid Katrina and her mother farewell. And then there was Juffrouw Kolp and Mietje, and even the great Mynheer de Groot stopped on his way to a neighboring town to give Katrina a few more words of advice.

Ah, but good Vrouw Rijs must return once more to the cottage. That morning she had mixed a cake of crushed beans and ground linseed for the two cows, and she had forgotten to give it to them.

At last they were settled comfortably in the boat, Uncle Adriaan in the stern, then Vrouw Rijs and last Katrina and her Goosie Gander. When the party started on their way it was about eleven o'clock by the old Dutch town clock, which had only one hand so that the time was always said to be "about so and so."

"Goodbye, goodbye, and good luck!"

"Goodbye, Mayke, goodbye, Antje—goodbye, Jan!" and Katrina was gone.



Katrina and Jan

How merrily the little party started on its way! How the boat with its great white sails skimmed over the ice! Uncle Adriaan, puffing away on a pipe, steered and tacked with all the enjoyment of a boy, while Katrina, accompanied by the constant "Honk, honk!" of Goosie Gander and the drowsy hum of the mills that they passed, hummed a merry song as they sped over the frozen canals. And Vrouw Rijs, sitting very straight in the stern, watched with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks the shifting scene about her.

Along the canal at regular intervals were men who swept the ice with heather brooms to keep it clean, and to these men Uncle Adriaan threw small coins as they passed.

Like lightning they sped through small villages, then on through the larger towns; by rows of sombre houses, screened only by thin lines of leafless trees; under bridges, not often in use during the winter months when everyone took to skates and ice-boats; ever flying, flying, like a restless bird, with always the wide blue Dutch sky overhead.

Soon the clustered towers of Amsterdam loomed ahead, and then they came into the heart of the city—a walled city of ninety-five islands, and nearly two hundred bridges.

Katrina had never been in Amsterdam before, even though she lived so near by, and it was years since Vrouw Rijs had visited the bustling city. So after Uncle Adriaan had engaged rooms at an inn and left Goosie Gander there in charge of the stable boy, he guided them first through a maze of narrow and quaintly crooked streets to the Dam, the heart of the city, for the streets all radiated out from there like a spider's web. From the Dam Uncle Adriaan led Katrina and Vrouw Rijs along the Kalverstraat, the Broadway of Amsterdam. This street was filled with hurrying multitudes—merchants, military men in uniform, and beautifully dressed ladies. Now and then Katrina caught sight of

 Katrina and Jan

peasants, dressed like herself, in their quaint costumes, and the *Amsterdamscheburgerweesmeisjes*—girl orphans, in their startling costumes, the skirt and bodice being divided vertically, one-half red the other half black.

Then there was the Rijks Museum to be seen, and the Royal Palace, built on 13,659 piles, and the Jewish quarters of the city, where the diamond merchants kept their precious stones in dingy cigar boxes. There was not time for Uncle Adriaan to show Vrouw Rijs and Katrina everything he wished to, but by nightfall he had pointed out to them everything that was most important.

They dined that night at the LITTLE RED BRICK HOUSE where they were to remain until the Carnival was over. Such a dinner as they had! There was *hutspot*, *klapstuk*, cheese and rye-bread sprinkled with anise-seed, and for dessert fruit and small cakes.

"If only father and Jan were here," sighed Katrina.

"Yes, daughter, but father does not like the city. He is happier where he is. Jan, the good lad I, too, wish were here," answered Vrouw Rijs, with a tear glistening in her eye at thought of her man sitting alone in the cottage by the dike.

That night, long after her mother had fallen asleep, Katrina knelt beside the window of her room. As she watched the twinkling lights of the city, she thought of all the wonderful things she had seen and done that day, and she wondered what Jan was doing way back there in the village, which now seemed so like a dream.

A little later, when she clambered into bed she thought she could hear the "Honk, honk," of Goosie Gander, whom the kind-hearted inn keeper had tucked away in a box in the stable. It sounded far away, then farther—and—farther—and—Katrina was asleep.



JAN DISCOVERS THE SILVER SKATES

COULD Katrina have seen Jan at the moment she was thinking about him, she would have wondered indeed where he was going, for he was skimming swiftly over the same waterways by which they had come that morning.

Underneath his jacket he held tightly a queer-shaped package.

On his way home to the harbor early in the evening Jan had stopped a moment before the Rijs home and gazed forlornly at the closed windows. There was a dim light shining through a crack in one of the shutters. Perhaps Baas Rijs had returned from his ship and was sitting there alone with his pipe! Of late Jan had become a great favorite with the fisherman, who had promised sometime to take the boy on a cruise with him. Should he go to see him now? At the doorstep Jan stooped to remove his *klompen*. His stocking foot touched something. He groped in the darkness for whatever it was. The instant his hand touched the bundle he knew only too well what it was. *The Silver Skates!*

When Jan was aroused he was quick to action. Now he replaced his shoes, and with one thought only in his mind, that he must get the skates to Katrina immediately, he fled homeward for his own faithful skates.

Katrina and Jan

Ah, Jan must not let his father see him, for had he not forbidden him to go to Amsterdam! Yes, he would take his punishment on his return, but come what might, Katrina must have her skates. This was his chance to repay her for all her kindness to him. He would not fail her.

When Jan reached the boat he crept softly across the deck, lifted the hatch a bit and peered down into the cabin. He could smell tobacco. So his father was not yet in bed.

"Get to bed, Jan," his father ordered, as soon as he saw his son.

Jan obeyed willingly, for he knew that he must wait until his father was asleep before he could get his skates, which were in the cupboard right before his father's eyes.

Would the man ever stop smoking and go to bed! His mother and Huibert had long been asleep.

Shut up in his dark bed, Jan could scarcely keep his eyes open. Supposing he should fall asleep? Never! He rubbed his eyes wearily. Then there was the sound of someone moving about the room. At last Jan heard curtains drawn, and he knew that his father had smoked himself out and gone to bed.

Jan waited for several minutes, then oh, so slowly, he rose from his stuffy bed, and crept warily across the room. Thank heaven, his skates were the first things his hands touched when he pushed aside the cupboard curtain.

Inch by inch, Jan made his way to the hatch, and pulled himself once more up on deck. BANG! Oh, Jan, why didn't you remember that the deck was slippery? The boy had stumbled and the hatch had fallen into place with a loud thud. Terrified at the noise, Jan put on his shoes swiftly. Swinging his skates over his shoulder and catching up Katrina's precious bundle, he sped away into the night without once daring to look back.

Katrina and Jan

But the father, used to the groaning and moaning of the masts, only stirred in his sleep, then snored himself away into dreamland.

Once on the canal, Jan put on his skates and started off in the direction of Amsterdam, guided only by the stars.

Whew! it was cold, but Jan skated fast and soon he felt a warm glow creeping over his body.

Fortunately for Jan he had once been to Amsterdam, and though it was sometime ago he felt sure that he could find his way to the Inn where Katrina had told him they were to stay.

Jan skated for a long while without once slackening his speed, passing through one village after another. Then at last he saw a light appear a long distance ahead, then another

and another, until there was a glow of yellow light against the sky. The lights of Amsterdam!

When Jan entered the city he found crowds of people still on the streets. It seemed strange to him that there was not one among them who knew why he had skated this night all the way from Volendam. No one even turned to stare at him, for the city people were accustomed to seeing the peasants on the streets in their curious costumes.

Jan removed his skates and threaded his way through the crowds. Once he stopped to ask a policeman if he was going in the right direction.



Katrina and Jan

"The LITTLE RED BRICK HOUSE? Yes, right over there."

It was midnight when Jan aroused the keeper of the inn.

"What can I do for you?" the gray-headed old man asked, sleepily.

"Ah, Mynheer, there is a little girl here with her Goosie Gander."

The innkeeper now opened his eyes wide, and smiling and bowing, motioned Jan into the room.

Then Jan told the innkeeper how in all the confusion Vrouw Rijs had forgotten the silver skates, and how he had found them and brought them to Katrina.

"You are a good lad," said the man, beaming at the boy. "The little lass will be glad that you have brought them, but I do not think that as yet she has missed them. You must stay here tonight and give them to her yourself in the morning."

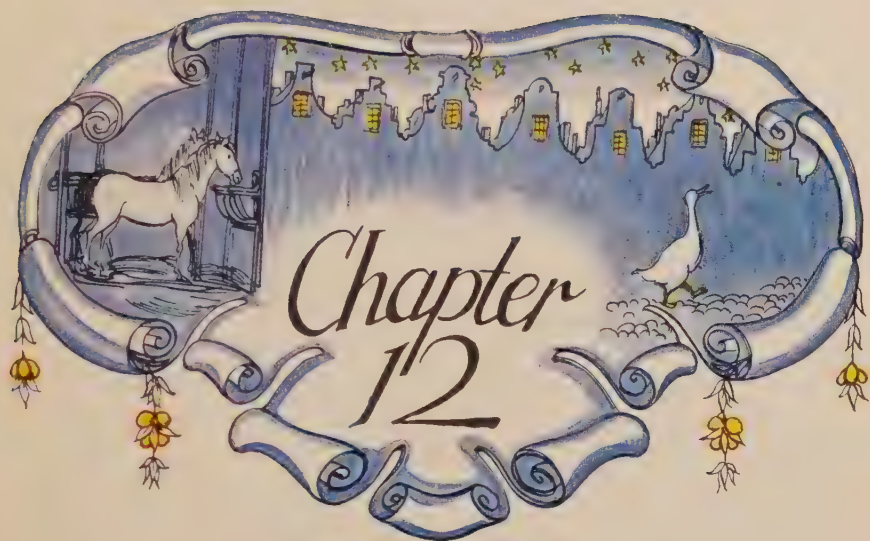
Then the innkeeper insisted upon brewing a cup of coffee for Jan and bringing forth a tempting array of cakes and cookies.

"In the morning," he continued, as he busied himself with setting a place near the fire for Jan, "the little lass will be down early to see her Goosie Gander."

Ah, Mynheer, if you only knew! Goosie Gander had by this time wandered far from the stable.







GOOSIE GANDER HAS AN ADVENTURE

GOOSIE GANDER, too, was much excited over his visit to Amsterdam. He felt rather forlorn and lonely, all alone out in the strange stable, and he wished he knew just where in the big brown house with the many windows his little mistress was. According to Uncle Adriaan's orders, the stable-boy had given him a fine supper of corn, but somehow it didn't taste half as good as when Katrina fed it to him from her own dear little white hand. Goosie Gander thought that he must be homesick. He couldn't seem to settle down to sleep, so he wandered round and round the stable, peering into every corner. There were only two sleepy old horses to keep him company for the night.

For a moment Goosie Gander hesitated, then carefully he picked his way in the dark to the door which stood ajar, letting in a little patch of moonlight. Out-of-doors Goosie Gander felt a bit better. In fact, the night air, though it was cold, felt so good that he thought that he would go for a short stroll, and see the big city for himself. He chose one of the

Katrina and Jan

main streets, called *Keizers Gracht*, and started off in high feather.

A canal ran through the center of the street, and bordering the edge of the canal were rows of naked elm trees, which cast strange shadows over its icy surface. At first Goosie Gander was a bit frightened and his heart went thumpity-thump, but as he drew nearer the center of the city there were so many bright lights that he became very brave.

Though his mistress was sound asleep in her funny cupboard bed, it was not late, and Goosie Gander found the streets still crowded. It was nearing the time for the festival of St. Nicholas, and all of the shops were wonderfully decorated. Goosie Gander thought that the windows full of toys were beautiful, and once when he spied a small stuffed goose he became much excited. Getting as close to the window as he could he bobbed and bobbed, and cried "Honk, honk," in his very best manner. The goose did not answer him, but just stood perfectly still, and continued to gaze at an ugly little saw-dust doll nearby. Goosie Gander was very much disappointed. Slowly, he continued his lonely way.

Now it had never occurred to Goosie Gander that all the people whom he met thought it very strange that a great white gander should be wandering through the city streets at this time of night. Once a mischievous boy tried to catch him by his tail, and so he flew down a side street. This street led him past a big church, then between long rows of very tall houses with the peakedest roofs that Goosie Gander had ever seen, and finally brought him out on a great plain of smooth ice.

All over the level landscape lay the bright moonlight, and everywhere were skaters. To Goosie Gander, the swiftly moving people in their gay costumes looked like tulips in the Springtime, bobbing here and there in a stiff breeze. If only



Katrina and Jan

he had his skates with him he would show them that he, too, could skate! Cautiously, he ventured out upon the ice.

"SST—st! You goose!" shouted a great, husky Dutch servant, as he glided by, pushing a very gorgeous lady in a chair mounted on shining runners. As the pair flew by Goosie Gander caught sight of a funny little footstool, filled with burning peat, at the old lady's feet. As he supposed, it kept her feet as warm as if she had been toasting them before the fireplace in her own home.

Goosie Gander wandered farther out upon the ice, and as he did so he came very near upsetting a dignified-looking little gentleman who apparently was not looking where he was going. Goosie Gander felt sure, as soon as he saw him, that he must be the Mayor of Amsterdam. He had heard Uncle Adriaan telling Katrina about him that afternoon, as they had skimmed along the canals from Volendam.

"A very fine man he is," Uncle Adriaan had said, "but very absent-minded, they say, always thinking, thinking, and never knowing where he is going. Once, they say, he went past his own home three times before he remembered in time to stop there."

"Honk, honk," said Goosie Gander to himself. "That must be the Mayor, for had I not given him warning he surely would have skated right into me."

Up and down the frozen plain the Mayor sped. Goosie Gander watched him disappear among the crowd, only to reappear again in some distant place. Somehow Goosie Gander was much fascinated by his bobbing coat tails.

Where was he now? Goosie Gander looked in vain. He moved a bit further out on the ice, then seeing a crowd gathering near a spot in the center, and hearing the wild shouts of the men who seemed to be flying madly about, he hastened to see the fun. He squeezed his way between the legs of a much

Katrina and Jan

astonished lad, brushed by the same gorgeous lady in her great chair, and made his way to the front.

He saw in a moment what had happened. The absent minded Mayor had skated right into the spot marked "DANGER," and down he had gone into the water. Someone had thrown him a rope, but he had not caught it. Without hesitating a moment, Goosie Gander lifted his great wings, and half flying, half running, made straight for the water. In he plunged. A shout went up from the crowd. Then how Goosie Gander paddled with his feet. Once, twice the Mayor disappeared from sight.

"Ho-o-nk, ho-o-nk!" shouted Goosie Gander to the Mayor, as he suddenly bobbed up beside him. Stretching out his arms, now about numb with cold, the Mayor caught hold of one of Goosie Gander's wings, then pulling himself closer he rested his hand on Goosie Gander's soft white back.

Fortunately for Goosie Gander, the Mayor did not struggle. Flapping his wings and paddling hard with his feet, Goosie Gander swam slowly to a solid piece of ice. Someone reached out an eager hand when he came within reach and pulled the Mayor to safety.

Frightened by the shouts of the people all about him, Goosie Gander tried his best to escape, but it was no use. Before him was a solid wall of people.

"Hurrah for the Goose!" shouted someone. Then someone else took it up, and before long the whole crowd was shouting "Hurrah, hurrah!"

"Honk, honk!" answered Goosie Gander, bobbing proudly up and down, but all the while watching for a chance to escape.

Suddenly a soft white hand touched his back, and someone was petting him. Could it be his little mistress? He looked up. No, indeed, this was no daughter of a fisherman!

Katrina and Jan

She wore costly furs and a loose-fitting jacket of blue velvet. And such rosy cheeks and blue eyes, now filled with tears.

"Oh, you dear old Goosie Gander," the girl said, "you have saved my father's life. What can I do to reward you?"

Then there was a great deal of talking between the Mayor's daughter, whose name was Greta Van Dyne, and a number of other people.

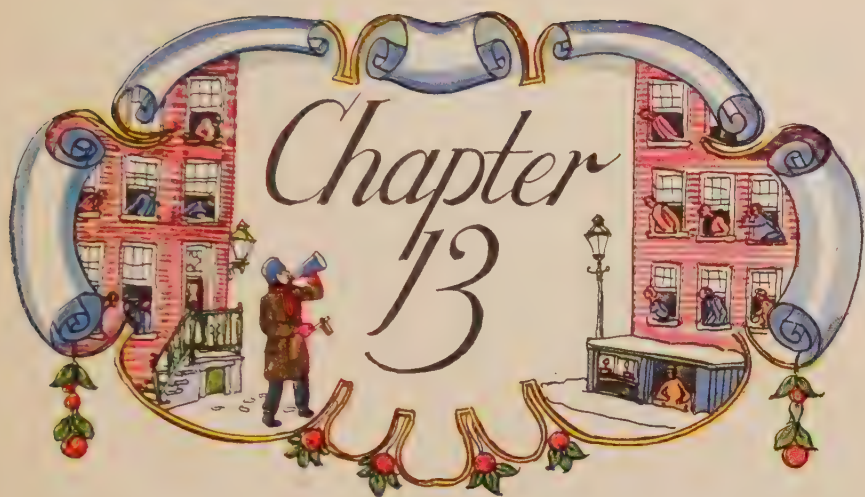
"Why not take him to the Zoological Gardens where he will always be well cared for?" suggested someone.

"Yes, yes," said Greta, "then all his life I can at least see that he has plenty to eat."

How was Goosie Gander to explain to them that he didn't want to go to the Zoological Gardens, and that his mistress would be waiting for him in the morning.

"Honk, honk!" he said over and over again, but nobody in the least understood what he was trying to say. Then a big Dutch man whom Greta called Jacob lifted him up in his arms and carried him off to the Zoological Gardens.





THE AANSPREEKER* COMES TO THE RESCUE

EARLY next morning Katrina was up and dressed.
“Please, mother,” she said, “may I go now to see Goosie Gander?”

“Yes, bright eyes, fly along, but do not be late for breakfast.”

Slipping into her nice warm jacket, Katrina crept softly down the steep flight of stairs, passed through the public hall, and was about to open the outside door when she heard someone behind her.

“Katrina!”

“Jan, Jan!” Katrina whispered, with a little joyful cry.

Then Jan thrust the queer shaped bundle into Katrina’s hands, and the child gave a cry of astonishment.

“I found them on the steps,” explained Jan. “Your mother must have laid them down and forgotten them. I am glad you had not missed them.”

“Oh, thank you, Jan, thank you. We must tell mother, but first let us go to see Goosie Gander.”

Then, hand in hand, the two disappeared out-of-doors. They ran to the big stable, for Katrina could scarcely wait to

*aanspreeker—official vendor of news.

Katrina and Jan

throw her arms around Goosie Gander's neck, and tell him of all the strange things she had seen and done the day before, and best of all, the news of Jan's coming.

The stable door was bolted. Jan knocked. They heard footsteps, then the creaking door was pushed open. A sleepy-eyed stable-boy poked his tousled head out to see what was wanted.

"May I see my Goosie Gander?" asked Katrina.

The boy, stifling a yawn behind his hand, pushed the door open a trifle wider. Katrina, followed closely by Jan, entered the great stable. It was still quite dark, and the children could barely see across the room.

"Hist, hist!" Katrina called softly. Not a sound.

"Hist, hist!" she repeated, groping her way across the stable floor.

Still not a sound. Katrina gave a start, and turning to the boy said anxiously, "Is not my Goosie Gander here?"

"Ay, he must be," replied the boy. "I gave him corn to eat last night before I went to bed." But he did not tell Katrina that he had carelessly left the door open early in the evening.

Jan peered into every corner of the stable, but Goosie Gander was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, Jan, Jan, what shall we do, what shall we do?" sobbed Katrina.

"Don't cry, Katrina, I will find him somehow, just as I found the skates, only please don't cry," begged Jan.

The stable-boy suggested that they go to Mynheer Voost, the innkeeper, and tell him their troubles.

Together the three returned to the house, and there found the landlord in the coffee room, moving quietly about, straightening a chair here and there, poking at the fire in the stove, and dusting up every speck of dust.

Katrina and Jan

"Mynheer Voost!" said Jan, "the Goosie Gander, we can not find him. He is gone."

Mynheer Voost turned sharply about. "What is that you are saying?" he asked.

"Oh, Mynheer, my Goosie Gander is lost. What shall we do?" cried Katrina.

"Lost?" questioned the landlord, then gently patting Katrina's head, "Nay, nay, he is only hiding from you, little one. Come, I will go with you to the stable."

But Goosie Gander was nowhere to be found, and Mynheer Voost, knowing that he was to skate with Katrina at the Carnival that night, was greatly upset. He sent for Uncle Adriaan, and Vrouw Rijs, that they might discuss what had best be done.

Imagine Vrouw Rijs' amazement when she saw Jan and found what it was that had brought him to Amsterdam. Great tears welled up in her eyes. They were tears of shame to think that she, in her excitement, had forgotten the precious skates.

And now Goosie Gander was gone! Was it for nought that the stork had built his nest on the roof of their home?

"We will send for the *Aanspreeker*," said Mynheer Voost. "Perhaps he can help us."

The *Aanspreeker* was the official vendor of news, for at the birth or death of anyone, he was sent everywhere through the city, notifying all the relatives and friends.

"Yes, yes, send for the *Aanspreeker*," agreed Uncle Adriaan.

A little later a strange man, dressed all in black, appeared at the door. He wore a short cloak about his shoulders, and on his head he wore a wig and a queer steeple hat, from which floated long crepe streamers.

Uncle Adriaan told him the story of Katrina and her

Katrina and Jan

Goosie Gander, and the *Aanspreeker*, though he was a very gloomy-looking man, was much interested, and promised to find Katrina's Goosie Gander before many hours passed.

When the *Aanspreeker* had gone Mynheer Voost persuaded Katrina and Vrouw Rijs that tears would do no good, and that they had better eat their *Ontbijt*, or breakfast.



He found places for them all at a long table in a room especially set apart for the purpose.

There were seven kinds of bread on the table, buns, white bread, gingerbread, rusks, sweet cakes, brown bread and black bread. Jan's eyes were as big as saucers. Never in all his life had he seen so much bread at one time. And besides the bread there was meat and cheese, dishes heaped with boiled eggs, jam, fruit and coffee. Jan was sure there was enough to feed the whole city of Amsterdam. Oh, why did Goosie Gander run away, for now with all this food set before him, Jan, for once, had no appetite for it.

But Mynheer Voost was a kindly old soul, and he was so sure that the *Aanspreeker* would find Goosie Gander that even Katrina began to take interest in things before breakfast was over.

In the meanwhile the *Aanspreeker* went up and down the streets of Amsterdam, chanting over and over again,

“Goosie Gander's gone astray,
Has anyone seen him pass this way?”

Katrina and Jan

As he came within sight of a large mansion with a glittering roof of polished tiles a pretty red-cheeked girl came down the steps, and stopped a moment to hear what news the *Aanspreeker* had to tell.

“Goosie Gander’s gone astray,
Has anyone seen him pass this way?”

“Stop!” cried the girl, who was Greta Van Dyne, the Mayor’s daughter. “What is that you are saying?”

Again the *Aanspreeker* sang his song in a monotonous tone.

“Why,” said Greta, “perhaps he is the one that saved my father from drowning last night!”

Now the *Aanspreeker* was interested.

“You have seen him?” he asked. “A great snow-white gander?”

“Yes, it must be,” answered Greta. “Jacob took him to the Zoological Gardens, for I wanted to be sure that he would always be well cared for and have plenty to eat.”

“Then I must hurry to the Gardens,” said the *Aanspreeker*, turning to go.

“One moment, please,” begged Greta. “Tell me to whom Goosie Gander belongs.”

The *Aanspreeker* told Greta all about Katrina, and how she had come from the little fishing village of Volendam to take part in the Carnival.

“And a fine little lass she is,” he ended, “and I hope that she wins the prize tonight.”

“And so do I,” said Greta eagerly, even though for weeks she had hoped that she herself might win the prize.

“You said,” she continued, “that Katrina Rijs was at the RED BRICK HOUSE? Yes? Then Jacob must take me to see her now, while you go for Goosie Gander.”

Katrina and Jan

"Yes, go and see her, Mejuffrouw Van Dyne, and now I must away to the Gardens to find Goosie Gander, for his mistress is anxiously waiting for him."

Imagine Katrina's surprise a little later at being called to the parlor to receive so distinguished a visitor as the Mayor's daughter, and imagine, too, her surprise when the lovely Greta flung her arms about her neck, and with a kiss said, "Oh, oh, if it were not for you I would now be a very sad girl."

"If it were not for me?" repeated Katrina puzzled.

"You have not heard? How your Goosie Gander saved my father from drowning when he broke through the ice?"

"No," answered Katrina, breathlessly.

Then drawing Katrina down beside her on a high-backed settle, Greta told the little fisher-girl the whole story.

Two great tears stole into Katrina's eyes and ran a race down her cheeks when she heard that Goosie Gander was safe and sound.

"Please forgive me," she smiled through her tears, "but you see it means much to me that my Goosie Gander is not lost. Now I can skate tonight."

"My father and I would be greatly pleased if you would bring your mother and uncle to sit in our pavilion tonight. Will you, Katrina?" asked Greta.

"You are very kind, Mejuffrouw Van Dyne. I shall be very proud to do so," said Katrina, thinking all the while how glad she was that her mother had worn her real lace cap and her wonderful silk apron.

A door opened into the room, and Jan hurriedly entered.

"Goosie Gander," he began, then seeing the richly dressed Greta, he became very shy and would have backed from the room, had not the stranger said to Katrina, "He is your brother?"

Katrina and Jan

"No, not my brother, but my friend Jan Jansen."

"Then you must come, too, to our pavilion tonight."

"Thank you, thank you," the boy stammered, his face crimson with embarrassment.

Through the window came the familiar, "Honk, honk!"

"My Goosie Gander," whispered Katrina, and quite forgetting her manners, she fled from the room.

Up the street came a queer couple—a little man, all dressed in black and a snow-white gander. The man was holding a cord, the other end of which was attached to one of the gander's legs.

"Here's your Goosie Gander," said the *Aanspreeker*, for it was he, "and glad he is to be coming home. I found him trying to make friends with a long-legged stork, but neither of them looked happy."

"My Goosie Gander, my Goosie Gander!" Katrina cried softly, over and over again, as she smoothed the white feathers of her pet's back.

"Honk, honk," answered Goosie Gander happily. "Honk, honk."



THE CARNIVAL

KATRINA'S head was all in a whirl. To think that she was really in the big city of Amsterdam, and was going to the Carnival, and that her mother and Uncle Adriaan and Jan were to sit in state with the Mayor. It was almost too good to be true.

"Oh, mother, mother," she said, "if only father were here!"

"Ay, it is so, little one," answered Vrouw Rijs, patting the folds of her apron into place, "but the man never did care for noise or laughter, and he is happier on his fishing boat."

"We must hurry," called Uncle Adriaan, "I hear the music of the band now."

It was only a short distance to the Y where the Carnival was to be held, and so the four of them walked. Jan carried the gander, while Katrina, with the precious skates tucked under her arm, skipped on ahead.

Katrina and Jan

Goosie Gander at first objected very much to being carried, but Jan wasn't going to risk losing him again. So in the end he gave up struggling, and excepting for an occasional honk, had nothing more to say.

As they neared the skating course the moon peered up over the tops of the houses, and sent a lot of merry moonbeams dancing over the surface of the frozen Y.

It was still early in the evening, but already crowds of people were skating on the *bijbaan*, or side track.

All along the canal stood small white canvas booths where hot chocolate and *poffertjes** were sold. The band was playing and in the soft night breeze flags and pennants fluttered gayly from the tops of the pavilions and the great lighted arches which spanned the racing course.

At one end of the track stood a pavilion as gay and bright as a bit of fairyland. In this pavilion sat the judges, among them being many beautiful Amsterdam ladies, muffled in fur coats, for the night was cold.

Katrina was thrilled. Such music and laughter! The band played a rollicking tune, and the crowd roared and shouted and exclaimed with delight when the skaters glided by.

"Jan, I wish you were going to skate with me. There are so many people here that—that I am afraid," said Katrina, her lips quivering just the tiniest bit.

"Don't be afraid, Katrina," said the boy. "I know there isn't anyone can skate half so well as you can."

"There goes Greta," Katrina said, turning quickly to watch a figure all in red and white dart swiftly by.

Greta waved her hand to Katrina and motioned to her to join her on the ice. Jan strapped on Katrina's skates and adjusted Goosie Gander's little ones. Then the girl and her gander ventured out on the track.

**poffertjes*—cakes.

Katrina and Jan

"Hoot, lad, will you look at the skating goose!"

The exclamation of surprise caused everyone nearby to look in the direction indicated.

"Yes, yes, it is the fisher-girl and the goose that saved the Mayor's life," someone volunteered.

Cheers and shouts went up all along the line, for there was not a person in Amsterdam who had not heard of Goosie Gander's rescue of the Mayor.

"Do you hear that, Katrina?" asked Greta, as they skated up and down the course. "The people are shouting for you and your pet."

"For me!" exclaimed Katrina in surprise.

"Yes, indeed. But let us skate over to our pavilion before the contest begins."

Katrina found her mother sitting oh, so straight beside the Mayor himself, and Uncle Adriaan, no less proud of the great honor bestowed upon him, standing back of her chair. Jan was there, too, his blue eyes striving to keep track of Katrina as she flitted here and there among the skaters.

At last came the signal for the skaters to assemble.

Vrouw Rijs nodded and smiled to Katrina and Greta as, with a wave of their hands, they sped away, followed by Goosie Gander.

Each skater was called by name in turn, and as he was called he would dart out into the open space before the judges. Then he would glide here and there, jumping, running, gliding, poising, and spinning like a great Chinese top, until a trumpet would call him back into the crowd again.

Katrina's heart beat violently when she heard her own name called. She almost wished that the frozen Y would swallow her up. She adjusted her skates carefully. Her head swam, and her feet didn't in the least want to behave. She was afraid for a moment that she was going to cry. Just then,



Katrina and Jan

though, there was a loud "honk," and Goosie Gander circled out alone into the open space. With a gay little laugh Katrina followed after him, racing here, there and everywhere, like a merry little elf, playing tag with a moonbeam. It was as if she herself had been dropped from the heart of the moon. She was so joyous, so sprightly, so frolicsome. Her skirts, so full and soft, billowed about her like a white cloud, and at every move the bells on her dress and cap tinkled a merry tune.

At times the people shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" and at times they were speechless with wonder and amazement at the exploits of the lovely child and her gander. They twisted and turned, balanced on one foot and drifted gently along, and always Goosie Gander kept just out of reach of his mistress.

Again the trumpets sounded. Katrina and Goosie Gander fled back into the crowd.

The line of spectators shook with applause.

For an hour or more the fancy skating contest continued. Then the judges put their heads together and talked and talked. A messenger bearing a card with a few written lines on it was at last sent to the Mayor, for it was he who was to announce the prize winners.

All eyes were turned toward the Mayor.

The Mayor arose, and in a deep voice, so unexpected from such a small man, said, "The prize of 500 *guilders* is awarded to Katrina Rijs of Volendam. At the request of the judges an additional prize of 500 *guilders* is awarded to Goosie Gander."

There was no need of his saying more. The crowd was delighted. They shouted and cheered, and those near Katrina took her hand and offered all sorts of good wishes.

Jan found Katrina trying to steal away from the crowd.

"Come with me, Katrina. The Mayor himself wishes to talk with you," the boy said, taking Katrina's hand, and guiding her toward the pavilion.

Katrina and Jan

Hand in hand, the two peasant children from Volendam made their way through the crowds of people. And Goosie Gander, trying to express his appreciation of his special prize, followed behind them, bowing to left and right, and crying,
“Honk, ho-o-nk! Honk, ho-o-nk!”

THE END.



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